

Fun with Stephen King's IT by Pick

Category: It

Genre: Friendship, Horror

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2010-02-05 19:57:07

Updated: 2010-02-05 19:57:07

Packaged: 2019-12-12 02:16:14

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,016

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: exactly what it sounds like...

Fun with Stephen King's IT

All credit goes to Stephen King...these are his ideas, and his characters....I am simply a huge fan that wanted to share some ideas.

Beginnings

Bill, Eddie, Stan, and Richie always had each other; way before any of this started...But Mike, Ben, and Beverly started this summer practically as loners. Mike's father kept him busy enough in the fields that he didn't feel the cold grip of loneliness. If you had asked Ben if he was lonely, he would probably tell you that he had never even considered the fact he was lonely. He hadn't many friends in Houston, Texas,...the town he lived in most of his childhood, before moving around from town to town, and eventually ending up in Derry. The truth was, he had no friends here. With no friends, he had found other ways to maintain happiness. In the days after first arriving in Derry, he had wandered around town, looking for a way to pass his time, and he had stumbled across the Derry Library. Ben loved to read, and there were many programs offered by the Librarians that tickled his fancy. The program that met his eye was a reading contract, and once you read ten books, you receive a free map of the United States. Ben thought this was pretty much alright. He mostly loved to read about ancient civilizations, but he also enjoyed reading about the mechanical side of things. He had checked out a book called "Bulldozer", mostly because he liked the interesting cover, and it turned out to be a great read.

It was a cloudy day when Ben first encountered Henry Bowers. He had been on his way to return his tenth book,...thus completing his objective and earning himself a map of the United States. A perfectly normal day was about to change faces.

Mike Hanlon

Mike leaned over his dead dog, his tears rolling. There were no bites, broken limbs, or blood at all. He knew it had not been killed by another animal, unless you considered Henry Bowers an animal, which was perfectly plausible. He rolled the dog over to inspect it further, and found a fist sized piece of meat hanging out of its

mouth. "That motherfucker! He poisoned my dog! My dog that had never harmed a soul!" Mike was sad as he imagined how the whole thing went down. His dog, Mr. Chips had probably approached Henry, tail wagging, having no idea that the piece of meat that it was hungrily eating was sprinkled with rat poison. Only it wasn't sprinkled, it was generously layered, as he wanted to make sure the dog would die.

Mike decided to ride his bike into the city, to try to clear his head.

He pedaled his way all over town, until he reached the up-hill mile. At this point he dismounted and pushed his bike the rest of the way up the hill. Once at the summit, he got back on his bike and rode on until he reached Neibolt Street. He stopped and looked around. It was eerily quiet. He observed the old train tracks, which now seemed like an ancient relic. Patches of grass and weeds blossomed through the gravel around the rusted metal tracks. For a second he imagined what it must have been like in the early days of Derry. He even pondered what it was like to be the captain, or, or, or...the word escaped him,... "Oh yeah! Conductor! I remember my dad had told me,..." He didn't realize or mean to speak his thoughts out loud, and the way his voice echoed around the trainyard startled him. He began to realize just how alone he was here and began to think, "What if something bad happens...there is no one in an ear-shot of me." Mike didn't go to Derry Elementary like the others,...in fact he had gone to a school on this very street; although that was much farther down Neibolt Street...closer to civilization. As he looked around him, taking in his surroundings, something drew him to number 29 Neibolt Street. His dad had warned him about this house, He had told him that it was a hot-spot for the homeless. He warned, "Now Mike, most of the time, these "hobos" are just looking for a warm place to sleep. But we live in troubled times. I want you to stay away from dark places like that." Mike had smiled and agreed, even adding in, "Sure, you got it dad." Mike's father patted him on the head.

The main entrance to the house was boarded and tattered. As he watched, the door flew open so hard that it hit the side of the house and knocked some of the siding loose. There was a homeless man standing in the doorway. His clothes were worn and dirty. Part of his face was cracked and rotting in such a way that it reminded Mike of

something he had learned about in school. His teacher had taught the class about a group of unfortunate settlers in India, who suffered from a terrible disease known as Leprosy. His thoughts raced, "Leper's in Derry?" This thought sent chills down his spine. He considered his life with Leprosy...He would be confined to a small hospital room, with no visitors, and everyone would fear catching it, causing him to be alone. He shuddered and shook the thought off. He wasn't going to stick around and find out what this Leper had wanted. He jumped on his bike and began to pedal furiously towards town. At one point he nervously looked over his shoulder, and gasped when he saw that the Leper was actually chasing him! He pumped so hard that his feet slipped off of the pedals for a lunatic second. As he reached the top of the up-hill mile, he turned one last time, making sure he had put distance between himself and the leper. It was gone, but there were brightly colored balloons floating behind him. One actually floated right into an elderly woman who was walking from one side of the street, to the next. She didn't seem to notice. When Mike got home, he ran straight to his parents room, needing to feel safe. Whatever that was back there, it can't get me in here. After dinner, Mike watched some TV with his family, and around eight, he laid down in his bed, and as he drifted off, a terrible scene was running its way through his head...he wanted to tell his father what he had seen, but couldnt force himself out of the comfort of his bed. He fell asleep.

Beverly Marsh

It was a lazy sunday and Beverly had slept in. She awoke to her father's screaming.

"Beverly get out of bed you have chores to do! Don't make me tell you twice!" Mr. Marsh yelled from behind is Sunday paper. He had read about the missing and dead children, and remembers something from when he was younger. When he was a kid of twelve, he had been playing a pick-up game of baseball behind the Tracker Bros. building. They had converted the lot into a basball diamond, and behind the metal backstop, was a creek, exploding with plant life. He remembers one day in particular; he woke up early, took a quick shower, wolfed down breakfast, grabbed his ball, bat and glove and headed up to the lot. He was the first one there, although the others would show up soon. He set down his glove and bat by the backstop

and walked out to the pitcher's mound. He spoke softly in his best announcer's voice, "Marsh takes the mound. It's the ninth inning and the count is full. If Marsh strikes him out, they win the championship. The pitch....

Al Marsh was so caught up in his fantasy, that he didn't realize something had come out of the creek.

He made the motions of throwing the ball, but halted when he realized something was climbing the backstop. It was a clown. He ran home.

He dismissed the memory and looked at his watch. "Dammit Beverly its twelve-thirty, get your ass out of bed and help your mother clean!" He screamed in anger.

Beverly sighed, rolling her eyes up in her head. "Coming daddy!"

She rolled out of her bed, feet searching the floor until they found their spot in her slippers.

Beverly spent most of the day scrubbing the baseboards, mopping the kitchen and bathroom floors, and cleaning the bathtub, toilet, and sink. As she was cleaning the sink, she heard a loud bang and heard her mother cry out. Next she heard things being thrown and her father cursing. He had been drowning his sorrows in a bottle of Jack for most of the day. Al Marsh was a mean and abusive drunk...this was echoed by the fading bruises on her arms. She knew he hit her sometimes, but this sounded like World War 3. She cried as she listened. She heard the front door slam, the car start, and speed away. She slowly and cautiously exited the bathroom. She was reaching for her bedroom door when a strong hand grabbed her by the hair and yanked her backwards, spilling her into the hallway. Al literally lifted her into the air by her braided ponytail. She screamed something awful, and he let go momentarily, allowing her to break for the front door. He chased after her but she had put enough distance between the two, to work the locks and make her way down Kansas street. She ran until her lungs burned, her head spinning from the experience. She suddenly realized her father was still chasing. She stared for a second, his eyes were silver dollars. He screamed after her, but in a strange voice, not his own. She rounded the corner

leading to the up-hill mile. She ran into Secondhand Rose, Secondhand Clothes. She hung around long enough to get a stern "I know your kind" look from the shop-owner. Finally feeling safe she headed up the big hill. She was crying and she felt like she couldn't go back home. Her mom left for a reason: she was tired of being Al's punching bag. "Maybe I can find a way to get in touch with my mother, and stay with her." She thought, and this made her feel better.

She stood in the same spot Mike had stood in days earlier, in front of 29 Neibolt Street. This place really gave her the creeps. Something on the street caught her attention: it was a sketch of a turtle made in chalk. A random thought entered her head puzzling her but quickly passing, "The Turtle will save us."

Suddenly Beverly heard a gun fire three rounds...in between shots she thought she heard a boy screaming, "It's got me Richie!" There was a loud agonizing scream or howl, she couldn't tell. A red-headed boy in a Derry School jacket came crawling out of the basement window of the building, followed by another boy in a denim jacket. They ran wildly through the lot, making their way to Beverly. What Beverly saw next could barely register in her head without just losing it. There was a werewolf making its way through the very same window the boys had just come out of. It stood on its two back feet, like a human, running until it reached the edge of the property, where it started to run on all fours like a dog. It was closing the distance between itself and the kids. As the boys reached her, she recognized them as Richie Tozier and Bill Denbrough. The three had never talked, but Richie spent a lot of time staring at Beverly during class, which she noticed, and she spent a lot of time staring at Bill, who did not notice. They knew who she was, and there was no time for introduction.

"Beverly, Richie...shit!" I don't think we can all fit on Silver...but we are sure as hell going to try!"

Beverly sat behind Bill, her arms wrapping around his chest, and Richie sat on the handle-bars. The bike wobbled slowly back and forth, not gaining much speed. It was tough to get it going with so much extra weight. Beverly was just waiting for the bike to tip. "Great!" Beverly thought, "the bike is going to tip, and that monster is

going to catch us."

The bike righted itself and began to pick up speed, and was close enough to what would now be the down-hill mile. Richie smiled, "If we make it to the hill, we are good."

Bill couldn't see very well around Richie, but it almost felt like there was something blindly guiding him.

"Hi-yo Silver, AWAY!" Bil screamed, triumphantly. Beverly and Richie couldn't help but laugh, feeling the excitement of the situation. No one looked back, not even once. They flew through a busy intersection at the bottom of the hill, almost clipping a car or two. People honked and shouted but they were too worked up to really notice, or care.

They continued to ride until they reached the barrens.

"Eh-eh-Eddie is going to muh-meet us down here i-in a little.

For a second they all remained silent, then Beverly spoke out, "Thanks for saving me guys."

Richie turned to Beverly and flashed a big smile.

Bill nodded.

They properly introduced themselves, Richie first.

"Richie Tozier's my name, and doing voices is my game!" Richie said.

"Let's hear one then!" Beverly chuckled.

"Okay, let's see..." Richie paused.

Just then, two Stan Uris and Eddie Kaspbrak made their way down a beaten path.

"Oy! It's Stan the Man Uris! Oh and what do we have here? No other than Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie cackled.

Stan shot Richie a look, and the finger

"I told you, I hate when you call me that!" Eddie complained.

"Of course you do! That's what makes you so chuckalicious!" Richie exclaimed.

The group spent the rest of the day in the barrens.

As the sun began to sink in the horizon, Eddie remembered the curfew and frowned.

They all decided it was time to call it a day.

Eddie Kaspbrak

"Bye, Eh- Eddie!" Bill stuttered.

"See ya tomorrow Bill!" Eddie called out. Suddenly he was aware that his Mother's car was in the drive-way. "Oh no!", Eddie thoughts raced, "What is she doing home so early? She's going to have a bird if she knows I was out. He figured if he could sneak into the house and up to his room on the second floor without making a sound, things would be alright.

Eddie walked into his house quietly, closing the door softly behind him. Suddenly a shrill voice rang out. "Eddie! Where have you been? I've been worried sick! Were you with those dirty little friends of yours again? I have told you I don't want you hanging out with them anymore, it will only bring trouble!

"Aw come on, Ma!" Eddie fussed, "They are my friends!"

"Why are your clothes all muddy?" She demanded. "Where have you been?"

The truth was, Eddie had been down in the barrens with Bill, playing guns. Of course, the guns belonged to Bill, as Eddie's Mom wouldn't let her delicate son play with things of the dangerous nature. Thinking quickly, Eddie responded, "Well, I was just taking a walk and tripped and landed in a big puddle."

Sonia Kaspbrak's face turned from anger to concern. She sighed, "Go upstairs and take a shower and get yourself all cleaned up! I don't

want you catching a cold!"

"Okay, Ma." Eddie said.

Eddie whistled as he walked up the stairs. He grabbed a towel from the linen closet, and proceeded into the bathroom. He closed the door behind him and began to undress. He stepped into the shower and while he bathed he found his mind wandering. He started to think about the past two weeks; all the friends he had made. He remembered the day he met Ben Hanscome. He had been in the barrens with Bill Denbrough, unsuccessfully trying to build a dam. They felt as though all their worries were washed away when they made their way down to the barrens. Most of all, it kept the safe from Henry Bowers and his gang. This was their place. Bill was scratching his head, trying to understand the mechanics of a proper dam. They were skipping rocks and telling jokes when suddenly they heard screaming.

"Oh no!" Eddie gasped, "It's Bowers!"

"Gather r-rocks!" Bill ordered.

"Rocks? Why?" Eddie questioned.

"Ammo." Bill said confidentially.

The two stood next to each other, prepared to fight. They had done a lot of running this summer, and they were ready to take a stand.

Suddenly someone shouted, "You're gonna die, fatboy!" This was followed by laughter and a loud voice bellowing out, "Yeah! You're going to die fatboy!". This voice was easily recognized as Belch Huggins, a boy who was huge for his age. As they came into view, Eddie saw Victor Criss and Patrick Hockstetter.

They were chasing a fat kid, wearing an unseasonably warm sweatshirt, (To hide his chest...).

Eddie turned to Bill and opened his mouth to express doubt, then promptly closed it.

They waited until the kids grew closer.

"N-N-Now!" Bill shouted.

The two of them began throwing rocks at Bowers and his gang. Patrick was clipped on the leg, and toppled down on Victor and Belch, causing them both to fall. Victor hit his head on a tree and rolled over in pain. The world was swimming for a second, and he had to breathe deeply so that he would not pass out. Belch stood up and pointed at Bill.

"You're going to get it now you stuttering freak!"

The fat boy crashed to the ground in front of Bill and Eddie out of exhaustion.

"Are you okay? You're bleeding." Eddie said.

"I'm okay." the kid responded as he started to gather rocks.

The bullies were pelted with rocks until they retreated, Henry calling out the same warning they had all heard many times, "I'll kill you all!" And then disappeared up the hill.

"Thanks guys!" The fat kid continued, "My name is Ben, Ben Hanscome."

"I'm Bill, and this is Eh-Eh-Eh....Eddie."

They began to talk. Suddenly there was a noise in the bushes, surprising the three.

"Hey fellas!"

It was Stan Uris, Richie Tozier, and Beverly Marsh. Bill felt relief wash over him. "H-Hey guys. This is Ben Hanscome." Richie pushed his glasses up on his nose and turned to Ben. "What happened to you, Haystack? You look like you got hit by a train!"

"You just missed Bowers and his gang." Eddie said.

"That's too bad, I love those guys." Richie joked.

Beverly smiled at Ben and he turned thirty shades of red.

They all talked until it was dark enough that they all decided to head home. It had been nice to feel like you are part of something he thought,....

This thought was interrupted by a loud knock on the bathroom door. "Eddie! You are using up all the warm water! Hurry up and finish!"

"Okay, Ma!" Eddie said.

Eddie heard a noise and pulled back the shower curtain. He peered out from behind it, using it almost as a shield. Suddenly the toilet seat came up. Eddie heard laughter,..not a good kind of laughter, but the kind that makes your skin crawl. Suddenly a white gloved-hand poked out of the bowl. Eddie gasped and suddenly realized he needed his aspirator. "Oh no!" Eddie thought, "I left my aspirator on the kitchen table." But his asthma was the least of his concerns at the moment. There was a clown coming out of the toilet.

The clown growled, and Eddie grabbed his clothes and ran out of the bathroom and down the steps. He entered the kitchen, and he triggered his aspirator and felt relieved as it blasted its way through his tightened chest, and into his lungs. He could hear laughter coming from the bathroom upstairs. His mother was sleeping on the couch. He flung his front door open and fled out onto the street. He looked back at his house, and there was the clown, standing in Eddie's room, waving out the window to him. He ran.

The Last Piece of the Puzzle

Eddie couldn't run for long, because of his asthma, but he walk a long way; and he did. He found himself on the outskirts of town, and he suddenly realized that he was getting uncomfortably close to the Bower's farm. He was walking close to large cornfield. He did not know this, but it was Mike Hanlon's father's farm. As he walked he heard a strange noise and focused his attention on a weird device set up in the field. He decided it must have been somewhat like an audio version of a scarecrow. As his mind wandered, there was suddenly a voice behind him. It startled him and he actually fell down. A young black boy was pushing his bike up the street right behind him.

He extended a friendly hand to help Eddie up. "Hi, my name is Mike.

Mike Hanlon. What's your name?"

Eddie smiled and grabbed onto his hand. He pulled Eddie to his feet.

"My name is Eddie Kaspbrak." Eddie felt a sort of bond with Mike, although he had only introduced himself. "Do you go to Derry Elementary?"

"That's a negative." Mike said and then laughed. If it had been the 1990's, they would have immediately thought of "The Terminator".

"I go to the old school up on Neibolt Street." Mike finished.

"Hey, if you don't have anything to do, you should come down to the barrens with me." Eddie invited.

"The barrens? What's that?" Mike asked

"Come on! I'll show you!"

Eddie was excited to introduce Mike with his other friends. As they cut a path through the woods that bordered the barrens, they heard laughter.

"Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie shouted excitedly.

"You know what Richie? You say that one more time, I'm gonna have to take you down!" Eddie said, only half-joking.

"Spaghetti." Richie said plainly.

Eddie rushed Richie and tackled him. The two wrestled playfully until they were both out of breath. Eddie triggered his aspirator and turned to the group.

"Mike, this is Ben, Beverly, Stan, Richie, and Bill,...guys this is Mike." Eddie said

A feeling rushed over the group. This felt right. They were seven now, lucky seven.

Ben Hanscom

Ben visited the library that day. He had spent so much time there that summer, that he knew exactly which section to look in. As he browsed there was a thought in the back of his mind. "This is crazy! You really think you can make silver bullets?" He frowned and dismissed the thought. "Aha!" Ben exclaimed gleefully. He pulled the book off the shelf and read the title aloud triumphantly, "The Mechanics of Firearms", by Andrew Picker. As he was checking out, he read a sign on the wall behind the counter. "Remember the curfew!" He shuddered and left.

When Ben arrived home, he called Mike.

"Are we really going to do this Ben?" Mike asked.

"You bet your fern we are!" Ben snickered.

"I have to help my dad pick berries in the field, but after that I will be over." Mike said.

Ben read his library book, waiting for Mike to show up.

There was a knock at the front door. Ben opened it and saw Mike standing there holding a bag.

"What's in the bag?" Ben asked.

"I found all these silver dollars in my Dad's closet." Mike answered. "Got six of them."

"That's six bullets, and we just happen to have a six shooter pistol." Ben said solemnly.

"It's like it was meant to be." Mike smiled.

They had chiseled away at some casings, bringing them to the right caliber. They heated a burner until it was hot enough, and then dropped the coins in. The coins melted down, and they poured the red hot silver into the casings. They played Monopoly and listened to some records while the bullets cooled. Once they cooled they hammered out the malleable silver, into a perfect bullet shape. Next they attached primers to the bullets using a similar method. They had six silver bullets. They were ready to slay the beast.

"What if they dont work, or they backfire and explode in your face? A troubled Mike asked. "We need a back-up plan,...I mean Ben, if that gun doesnt work, that clown is going to have our guts for gardsers."

"It's going to work." Ben said confidently

"But, how do you know?"

"I just do."

Instead of argueing further, Mike just nodded his head in agreement.

Ben carefully loaded each bullet into hit's respective chamber, and tucked the gun into the waist-band of his jeans.

The two started on their way to Bill's house, where Bill, Beverly, Stan, Richie and Eddie waited nervously.

Ben handed the gun to Bill. He had been designated to shoot. It was his father's gun, but that wasnt the reason, it was that they all thought of Bill; "Big Bill" as their leader. He opened up the gun, and spun the chamber, watching as the silver bullets sparkled.

Beverly looked worried. "Bill, that day on Neibolt Street, you shot It three times. If it didn't work then, why would it work now?"

"Wuh-well, th-those were regular bu-bullets. These are pure suh-silver."

Stan decided to throw in his two-cents, "What makes you think that matters?"

"It's how they kill monsters in movies and stories." Richie said.

"This isn't a story or a movie! This is real life!" Stan said angrily.

"Is ever-everyone in?" Bill stuttered.

Everyone nodded but Stan.

"Stan?" Beverly questioned.

"Yeah I said I'm in." Stan said.

They had all been sitting in Bill's garage and as just as Stan finished his sentence, the door that led to the kitchen opened. Bill's mother walked through the door and looked surprised to see a girl, and a young black man. She was not by nature a racist by any means, she was just surprised. She offered drinks, which politely no one accepted. She left, and as the door closed behind her Eddie opened his mouth.

"I think we should go down to the barrens so that we can talk in private."

The Losers agreed and they all got on their bikes, except for Eddie, who rode shotgun on Silver.

They reached the barrens to find Henry Bowers, Victor Criss, and Belch Huggins waiting for them at the very spot they had built a dam earlier this summer. The dam was destroyed, and Henry had a twisted smile on his face. He approached Mike, who wasn't scared one bit, until Henry pulled out a shiny silver knife. He waved the knife in Mike's face and when he got too close, Mike swung and landed a big punch right on Henry's nose. Henry shouted and fell down grabbing his nose. He was bleeding profusely. His voice quivered as though he was on the brink of tears; something that he couldn't allow to happen. What would happen to his credibility as a bully if children knew that he cries.

Belch attacked Mike. Belch was huge for a kid of twelve. He dwarfed Mike. He tried to tackle Mike, but Richie stood in and tripped him.

"Nice fall, banana heels!" Richie shouted between bouts of laughter.

"Beep beep, Richie!" Eddie shouted.

"R-Run!" Bill ordered.

Belch stood up, brushed himself off, then pulled Henry up by his jacket until he was running along side him and Victor.

It began to storm.

The Losers stopped running as they realized they were trapped between Henry's gang, and the service entrance to the Derry sewer-

system. They thought of it as a service entrance, but in reality, it had not been accessed by Derry Water Company in years.

They knew what was waiting for them in the sewer,...Ben's thoughts raced, "Well, I guess we can do this a day early." He frowned, "We don't have flashlights! How are we going to find our way through the dark tunnels under Derry?"

Henry was screaming something about killing them all. Belch would be a parrot in this situation once again, while Victor was quiet, and seemed very nervous. He knew Henry didn't wanna just teach these kids a lesson, he wanted to actually kill them. He thought that maybe Belch felt the same way as Henry.

The Losers stood at the entrance, took one last look at daylight, as they felt it may be the last time they ever see it.

As they entered, it was almost too dark to see.

"No f-f-flashlights..." Bill announced to the group.

"I have some matches..." Beverly added.

"How many?" Mike asked.

"Five."

"Shit." Stan said.

IN THE SEWER

Eddie led the Losers through the tunnels of the Derry sewers. The Turtle had guided them although they didn't know it. Several times along the way, Beverly lit matches, and the group spotted remains of children. At one point, they saw the body of Patrick Hockstetter, his stomach had been torn open, and his entrails hung loosely through his dirty shirt (he was still holding his lunch box, which was filled with dead flies.)

The Losers could hear Henry screaming and taunting them.

"I'll kill you all!"

"Fuh-Fuck you, Buh-Bowers!"

"You won't stutter anymore once I get a hold of you, cause I'll cut out your fuckin' tongue!"

"Try me." Bill said confidentially.

HENRY AND FRIENDS

It was almost pitch-black. Several times Victor had asked Henry to hold his hand, and Henry refused and called him a sissy; But unknown to Henry, Belch and Victor had been holding hands since almost the second they entered these dark chambers.

They ducked their way through a tight tunnel, and when they came out the other end, there was finally some light.

There was a sound.

"What was that Henry?" Victor's voice cracked a little.

It sounded like heavy footsteps. Victor turned to see what was coming, and when he saw it, his mouth dropped open and he screamed. It was the Frankenstein monster. It lurched over Victor, grabbed his throat, and ripped his head off.

"Holy SHIT!" Belch screamed.

The monster had not just pulled his head off, but almost his entire spinal cord came off with it.

It groaned, and turned towards Henry. He walked slowly, towering over the boys, and Henry threw Belch in front of him, and took off through a tunnel. Belch had closed his eyes and waited for the end, and when it didn't come, he bravely opened them. He looked around and saw nothing. Henry was gone, and so was the monster. He drew in a deep breath, held it a second, and let it out. Then something happened; there was long low moan, followed by several others. He could only make out the silhouettes of five figures, who walked as though badly injured.

"Zombies!" Belch cried out.

He just stoof there, as they became close enough that he could smell them rotting. They grabbed him and pulled him to the ground. One bit into his throat as he screamed, distorting the sound into a shrill piercingly high sound. They ate him alive.

IN THE SEWER (continued)

After hours of descending the assortment of different size pipes, (having to crawl at some points) they reached an enormous room. There was a faint green light that was bright enough to show the room, but dark enough to hide whatever was lurking around them. Beverly had brought matches with her,...a precious five...but they had already used three, leaving them with two...not many, but it would have to do under the circumstances,...they were chased down here,...without time to prepare. They were forced to have this final showdown.

Beverly coughed and held her nose. "It smells like wild animal shit down here!" Beverly spoke, breaking the silence that had contained the last five minutes.

"Yeah, Bowers must be getting close." Richie joked.

Everyone laughed, but it was a nervous laugh. They were all scared out of their minds, yet feeling brave and as though there was some force controlling them, both physically, and emotionally. They were born to do this. Born to come together, grow to love eachother, and they were stronger as a group.

They reached a small door, with odd markings on it.

"Must be Spaghetti Mans room!" Richie joked.

No one laughed or even acknowledged this.

They opened the door and crawled in.

Suddenly Mike screamed.

The clown had grabbed him.

Beverly lit a match in front of the clowns face. It was so close to

Mike's face, that he saw its pupils dilate in the light of the match.

Bill pointed the gun at the clown. "You fucked with the wrong kid."

Pennywise shouted, "You think you can kill me?" The clown laughed, "You can't kill me! I am Eternal!" He lunged at Bill, knocking the gun out of his hand. Bill fell to the ground. The clown laughed. The clown opened its mouth wide, revealing a razor smile. It leaned over Bill,...and Bill feeling helpless, braced himself for the bite.

Eddie picked up the gun.

"Hey fuck-face!" Eddie shouted in his bravest voice.

Pennywise turned to look at the pathetic boy.

"Go on Eds, kill it." Stan said.

Eddie gripped the handle of the pistol with enough force to turn his fingertips white.

Pennywise growls and Eddie blows the top of his head off.

A bright light (deadlights) shines from the gaping hole in the clown's head. Eddie isn't satisfied, and takes aim again. This time, he blows his left eye out the back of his skull. The clown collapses. The light fades. Richie takes the gun from Eddie and walks over to the clown's body. He wildly fires into his chest until there are no more bullets. Richie turns to the group and smiles, "Had to get that out of my system you know? No regrets!"

The clown was dead.

Beverly reached into her jean pocket and pulled some things out.

"One match, three cigarettes! What do you say guys?" Beverly asked.

Richie and Beverly both lit up cigarettes "Anyone else want one?" Beverly asked one more time. To all of their surprise, Eddie decided he would take one. They worried if it would screw with his asthma, but no one mentioned this. Hell, if Eddie wanted one, let the poor guy have it!

"Hey wait a second, should we light the clown on fire?" Richie said, only half serious.

"Why?" Beverly asked.

"I don't know."

They all laughed at the bizzare idea, but as they left the room, Ben began to think that maybe they should have. He says nothing.

The group ascends through the sewer system until they reach the barrens again. Stopping sometimes to strike sun is a nice welcome back from the depths of Derry's sewer system. They look around and realize that whatever brought them together was already fading.

This is the last time they will ever be together as seven.